business and what it was and always

had plenty of new whisty to drink.

they never let him know where the

still was located, and he could only

guess at the distance from their cabin

by the time it took them to go and

come. At the end of a week, having found out all they seemed inclined to

let him know, he sl pped out one morn-

ing between dark wild daylight, and lit

outdown the mountain to where we

were Walting for him. We went back

with him, and walked in on them be-

fore they knew it. Yes, sir, everyone

of those eight men woke up and

looked straight linto a revolver, and we

had them all handcuffed in no time.

They didn't say much, but when they

saw my jolly Irishman among us they

did some tall swearing, as they realized

how he had tricked them. We found

the still after some searching for it,

down in a little ravine about two hun-

dred yards from the house, sitting

under a shed made of an old threshing

made it bullet proof, but we didn't re-

spect their foresight at all; we just cut

their 'Worm' into six-inch pieces,

poured all their smoky whisky on the

holes and then marehed them down to

"Don't you ever have serious difficul-

"In the shooting way? No, not often.

They're not a brave set of men, as I

said, and I for one have never been

fired on by them. Perhaps my good

luck in always getting the drop on

them may account in part for this, however," and the big marshal laughed

"Raleigh county is full of moonshin-

ers," he went on. "I know of no less

than six stills running now full blast,

and they've got to be broken up.

We're going to make a series of raids

soon in that direction, and perhaps

these men will prove better fighters

thau the others have been-there is

never any telling about such things,

you know. We will try and do our

best, though, to break up this indus-

try. Yes, I have to do a great deal of

riding, night and day, and of course go

"About a month ago I had a scare,

and a big one, too, but it wasn't caused

by any 'shiners.' I was riding through

a thick stretch of woods near the top

of the mountain when I heard a child's

shrill ery. It was about dark and I

was rather glad to know of a house

being so near where I could put up for

the night, and I pushed forward, every

minute expecting to come upon a clear-

ing and a cabin. Presently I heard the

ery again, only it was nearer this

time and sounded more like a woman's

all over my body in a moment, and I

felt like a singed porcupine with the

dogs after me. It's an honest fact, too

-I had to hold my hat down on my

head, my hair kept shoving it up so,

while I kept blazing away at that

howling beast. I wouldn't have been

I KEPT PULLING THE TRIGGER.

me, but I kept on pulling the trigger

and holding to my hat to keep it from

Nancy Hanks' record into smithereeus.

Heading Him Off.

"Mrs. Small," said Mr. Hunker, as

"It is stuffed with chestnats, Mr.

"Then, Mr. Dolley," said Hunker,

civilization and Jail."

ties with them?"

armed always.

machine boiler flattened out. They had

LOVE PASSED BY.

"I was budy with my plowing

When Love passed by.

"Come," she cried, "forsake thy drudging:
Life's delights are few and gradging:
What hath man of all his striving.

All his planning and contriving.

All his planning and contriving. Here beneath the sky? When the grave open to receive him
Wealth and wit and honors leave him—
Love endures for a yet?
But I answered: "f ain plowing.
When with attaight and even furrow
All the field is covered thorough,
I will follow."

I will follow,"

Love passed by.

I was basy with my sowing

When Love passed by.

Come," she cried, "give o'er thy toiting;
For thy tof thou hast but moding.

Follow me where meadows fortile

Bloom unsown with rose and myrtle,

Laughing to the sky;

Laugh for loy the thousand flowers,

Birds and brooks—the laughing hours

All unnoted fly."

But I answered: "I am sowing.

When my acres all are planted

Gladly to the realm enchanted

I will follow."

Live I assed by.

Love rassed by.

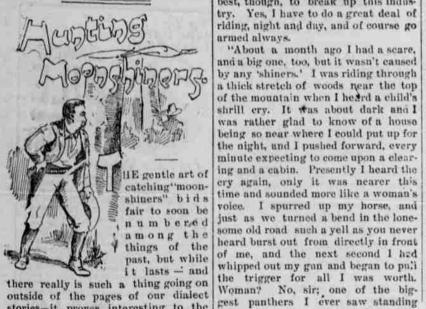
I was busy with my reaping
When Love passed by.
When Love passed by.
"Come," sho cried, "thun plantest grieving,
Ripened sorrows art thou sheaving.
If the heart lie holow, vain is
Garnered store. Thy wealth of grain is
Less than Love's heast sigh.
Haste thee-for the hours fast dwindle
Ere tho pyre of hope shall kindle
In life's western sky."
But I answered: "I am reaping.
When the song of youth and malden,
Bome the farm cart comes, full laden,
I wall follow."

It will follow." Love passed by.

I had gathered in my harvest When Love passed by.
"Stay!" I called to her, swift speeding, "Stay!" I called to her, swift speeding.
'Turning not, my cry unbeeding.
"Stay, O Love, I fain would follow:
Stay thy flight, O fleet-winged swallow,
Cleaving twilight sky!
I am old, and worn, and weary,
Void my fields and heart—and dreary,
With thee I would fly.
Garnered wor is all my baryest.

Garnered woe is all my harvest.
Sad ghosts of my dead hopes haunt me.
Fierce regrets, like demons, taun; me—
Stay! I follow?" Love passed by.

-Amusing Journal.



stories—it proves interesting to the catchers and the caught, to say the least. While talking recently with a prominent deputy marshal of West Virginia, who has done much to disturb the accordance of the biggest panthers I ever saw standing on a log not twenty feet from me, lashing her tail from side to side and yelling like a demon. Was I scared? Well, I should remark! Why the great feet was a standing on a log not twenty feet from me, lashing her tail from side to side and yelling like a demon. turb the usual security of many lawbreakers in this direction, he laughingly replied to my question by repeat-

"Unpleasant work, this hunting men? Why, of course it is, my boy; no man. unless he is a savage at heart, likes to hunt a fellow-man down like a 'varhunt a fellow-man down like a 'var-a bit more scared if you had turned all anint,' no matter how bad he is; but of John Robinson's menageric loose on work is work, wherever you go, and we can't all be choosers. No, I've had very few narrow escapes-we leave those to our brethren in the books that you fellows are always trying to make about us; all we try to do is to try and not let the 'shiners' make any escapes at all, narrow or otherwise! These illicit distillers, by the way, are not the desperadoes the people imagine them to be; some of them are good fellows underneath-if their good traits have been covered up by their manner of living it isn't their fault so much as their misfortune. Of course, for the old men in the business I have no sympathy, for they have no excuse to offer, but it is a fact that a great many of the younger men go into it because they can't help it-being forced to it by circumstances, as it were. As for their fighting qualities, they are much like their friends and neighbors, the mountain panthers, or 'painters,' as they call them. Both the men and the animals will fight when cornered or wounded, but if you give them the stance to vacate, and leave you the field getting clean off my head. As the last

of my 'now-1-lay-me' the panther "There is one strange thing about turned tail, and, with one long, despair the business, however, and I have never ing squall, s be hustled into the woods, understood it. Why should these men, not a hair touched by my bullets. great, strapping, healthy mountaineers, though I'd fired seven thirty-two's at go to breaking the law to make a living, when they might make much bet- back and call on me again. I just ter wages working like honest men on shoved some more cartridges into the their farms or for other farmers? It revolver, and stuck my spurs into the must be the love of excitement born in little mare under me. The way she them which makes them manufacture went down the mountain was a caupoor whisky and sell it to poorer men. tion, and I'm pretty sure she smashed coming miles in the night to do so sometimes, and risking the chances of being No, sir, I don't mind hunting moon nabbed and put in the pen for several shiners and throwing their whisky years, all the while. They are smart away and risking being got the drop men, too, and it takes an officer with on sometime, but I beg to be excused the combined instincts of a detective from entertaining a full-grown and and an old fox to deal with them withapparently healthy panther, again, out their suspecting you of being a with an exhibition of my fancy shooting. It's too much like work! She was 'rev'new man.'

"A week ago we captured eight of the afterwards killed, I believe, but I am hardest tickets that have ever graced still thanking my stars that I did not this dishonorable business, and it was wound her while I was doing the Bufone of the neatest captures we've ever falo Bill act and holding on to my ammade. I got wind of them and sent bitious hat at the same time."- Everone of our men, whose face they didn't ard Jack Appleton, in Detroit Free

TRUE GONVERSATION.

It is Conspicuously Lacking from the Dia-logue of To-Day.

It is very curious to one bow very much diaglogue there is in the world and how very little true conversation; how very little, that is, of the genuine attempt to compare the different bearings of the same subject on the minds of different people. You may look through the greatest of Shakespeare's plays and hardly find in this sense a true conversation in any one of them. And, indeed, conversation in this sense is very seldom truly dramatic, and can not often be so. Nevertheless, one would expect to find instances of real comparison of the state of different minds on the same subjest in Walter Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," and yet you will hardly find one of them in which the attempt was made, even by the author, much less by any of the imaginary interlocutors, to enter thoroughly into the views of those with whom he had been dealing. There is plenty of characteristic and contrasted prejudice in Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations,' but hardly any trace of the real probground, plugged their boiler full of ing of each other's minds. Plato understood true conversation-

conversation in the higher sense. His Secretes continually succeeds in probing the mind of another, and making that other enter into his own. The late Cardinal Newman understood true conversation in this sense. There is more of the upshot of true conversation in the various Oxford sermons, especially the university sermons, in spite of the absence of anything like dialogue, than there is in other sermons of our day, and that is, no doubt, one secret of their great charm. Again, his two remarkable religious tales, "Loss and Gain" and "Callista," are full of true conversation of the kind we mean. But for the most part dialogue is gossip, or wrangling, or plotting, or counterplotting, or menacing, or conciliating, or complimenting, or submitting. It is the rarest thing in the world to come, even in the best authors, on a successful picture of the different views taken by different minds of the same subject, and the grounds of the difference. Even in politics we seldom meet with it, though the late Mr. Charles Buxton and his son have carefully prepared the way for such an appreciation, by placing in close comparison the different views taken of the same political subject. That, however, is not political conversation, but only the raw material for such conversation. We can not but wonder that in a day so full as this of real and careful study, so few should have the patience to present the various contrasts of opinion, thought and feela mong the some old road such a yell as you never a mong the some old road such a yell as you never ing on some of the most important subpicturesque form in which Plato has given us the moral antagonisms of

Greece, and Newman the theological antagonisms of modern England.-London Spectator. A Cargo of Elephants. "An elephant's shoulder is never still," is a Hindoo saying indicative of gish circulation.-Chicago Times, the restlessness of the animal. Mr. J. L. Kipling, in his "Man and Beast in India," tells how the animal's passion for moving about once came near wrecking a ship: "A batch of elephants were taken on board at Calcutta, and the steamer went down the Hooghly, and at night anchored off Sangor Point. The sea was as still as oil, but the ship rolled so much that she was in danger of rolling over. The elephants had found that by swaying to and fro all together they could produce a pleasant rocking motion. As the ship had no other cargo, and rode light, the captain was much frightened. The sahouts were hurried down into the hold, and each one, seated on his own beast, made him 'break step;' but they

had to stay there for a long time."-Youth's Companion. Who Was the Guilty Man? A Cass avenue woman has a husband

who has done such a thing as to forget to do what his wife had requested. The other evening about five o'clock he came home and she went at him. expressman to come here this after-

"Yes, Mary," he answered meekly. "Well, he hasn't come."

"Is that so?" "Yes, it is. Now, how do you account

John gave the matter a few moments' consideration.

"Well, my dear," he said finally, 'either he's lying or I am, and to relieve us both from your suspicions, I'll just step down to his place and see what's the matter," and the charitable John went to see the expressman.-Detroit Free Press.

Wouldn't Lie About It. "I have long desired to meet a really

truly editor," said Miss Budde, "and I am very glad to meet you." "So," said the editor, who had found out his calling late in life, and purchased a newspaper late in life. "So; I am delighted to be a source of gladness to one so fair." (All editors are smooth men and rarely overlook a chance to

"Yes," pursued the fresh Miss Budde, "I have so wished to ask if you write everything in your paper." "Well, (with some hesitation) you couldn't exactly say that I write every thing, but (brightening) I inspire every

word, and the impress of my vigorous

make a hit.)

personality is on every line."-Chicago Herald. A Long Time on the Way. Mrs. Budlong-Did you have a good sermon this morning? Miss Budlong-Very good; but some what disappointing.

Mrs. Budlong-What was the text Miss Budlong-"Behold! the bride groom cometh."-Puck.

More Nearly Correct. Larkin-Did you accept that situation Barlow offered you, Spiggit? Spiggit-No; I thought better of it. Larkin-If you refused it you must

have thought worse of it.-Judge.

THE DOWNY COUCH OF TO-DAY. The Hed Itself Is All Right, but Few Know

SAVANNAH, HARDIN COUNTY, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1893.

There are rowadays cleanly springs and hair mattresses piled high in place of the old feather beds, as to stiff white bed covers, pillow slips and shams, false sheets and Vnleneiennes trimmings, monogrammed and ruffled fineries, there is a truce. They were so slippery, so troublesome, and so false withal that the beds that have known them shall know them no more forever, They had always to be unpinned and unhooked before the sleeper could enter his bed, and they were the torment of the housemaid. They entailed a degree of washing and ironing that was endless, and yet many a young housekeeper thought them indispensable The idea has gone out completely.

The bed now is made up with its fresh linen sheets, its clean blankets, and its Marseilles quilt, with square or long pillows, as the sleeper fancies, with bolster in plain linea sheath. Then over the whole is thrown a light lace cover lined with liberty silk: This may be as expensive or as cheap as the owner wishes. Spreads of satin may be used, covered with Chinese embroidery or with patchwork designs. One light and easily aired drapery succeeds the four or five pieces of unmanageable linen. If the bed has a tester and curtains of silk or chintz the bed covering should match in tint, and in a very pretty bedroom the walls should be covered with chintz or silk.

The bed itself is distinctly as it should be, but there are camparatively few who know how to go to bed.

What is the correct method to pursue in preparing for a trip into dreamland. for there is a right as well a wrong way? The business of disrobing should cess will become after awhile second nature. There is something more to be done, let me assure you, besides putting your hair up in curl papers and dabbling a bit of cold cream on your face if you would wake up in the morning looking as fresh as a rose. In the first place, do not pull off these important preparations until you are so heavily lidded that you are ready to omit everything belonging to the toilet.

And now for the first step. Early in the evening your sleeping apartment should be thoroughly aired by dropping the window from the top and raising it at the bottom.

Ten minutes will be quite sufficient for clearing the atmosphere. Now close the windows and allow the room to become thoroughly warmed, that you may not experience a chill while taking a rub down. Prepare a big bowl of tepid water, into which you besprinkle a small quantity of ammonia or borax. better than a sponge, wring it out as dry as possible, and, grasping a corner bye," in each hand, give the spine a vigorous rubbing. Have at hand another Turkish towel, and, as you bathe the body in sections, dry as quickly as possible, How your smooth, white skin will flow as you start into action the slug-

ROBBING A HAWK'S NEST. An Ornithologist's Adventure with War-

A birds'-nesting adventure that came near ending in a tragedy is described by Capt. Bendire in a monograph on the birds of North America, issued by the Smithsonian institution and the National museum jointly.

The captain was riding along the banks of Rillitto creek, Arizona, one day in the year 1872, when he saw a big black hawk. He followed the bird, and at a distance of about five miles from camp he found it perched on a dead '40s. It soon became apparent that limb of a tall cottonwood tree, On Uncle John's memory was busy with nearing the tree he discovered a bulky nest placed in a fork close to 'the main trunk, and about forty feet from the ground. The mate of the hawk which he had been following was sitting on the nest.

With the intention of robbery the captain climbed up to the nest, in which he found a single pale-blue egg, the parent birds meanwhile circling "John," she said, "did you tell that around and manifesting their anger by shrill screams. He put the egg, which was as big as a hen's egg, into his mouth, and was about to descend, eighty yards distant. They were evi-

dently watching him. It was a case where the only chance the egg in his mouth. If he had manihurry, the Indians would have perceived that they were spied and they would have been waiting for the egghunter at the foot of the tree before he could get down. In that case death by torture of fiendish ingenuity would doubtless have been his fate. As it better view, and as he did, by gosh! off was, he reached the ground in safety, tumbled one of his horns into the snow. mounted his horse, and started for He hadn't catched sight of me yet, but

In an instant the Apaches were after him, and they chased him nearly sapling again, and as I did it up jumped to the camp before abandoning the pursuit. He got there all right, however, with the egg in his mouth. It was unbroken. Owing to its large size I was sliding down that rock, I got my the captain had great difficulty in getting it out of his mouth without injuring it, but he finally succeeded. though, as he says, his jaws ached for some time afterwards. It is now included in the Smithsonian zoological collection.-Washington Star.

-Another long-distance ride, this time between Vienna and Rome, is proposed, and likely to be definitely arranged. The distance will be about twice that from Berlin to Vienna. The principal prizes are to be awarded to those riders whose horses finish in the best condition, having due regard to the time occupied in the ride. Many of the horses ridden in the Berlin Vienna contest have since died, and engraved hoofs are being largely collected as mementos of the eventPITH AND POINT.

- 'Is Jack here to-nighton "Yes, but you can't see him; he's behind the chrysanthemum in his button-hole."-Boston Gazette.

-Father-"Where did Mr. Neverstop take his text this morning?" Daughter -"I don't think anyone stayed awake to watch."-Inter-Ocean.

-In spite of modern improvements it still takes the average young man a long time to put on a pretty girl's skates. - Somerville Journal. -Cultivation. - Papa-"Minoner is

rich; you ought to cultivate him, my dear." Daughter-"Yes; I noticed he needed it badly."-Detroit Free Press. -Helped Off .- Dr. Nogood-"Did my medicine help your husband?" Mrs. Gladwidder-"Yes; he was only dying by inches before he took it."-Yankes

-The man who finds it necessary to get him up a new set of resolutions every time he catches the unctions odor of eggnog needs a new backbone. -Galveston News.

-Miss Ann Gulaw-"I wish you would tell me how you keep your dresses in such pretty shape?" Miss Plumpette-"Simply by wearing them, dear."-Indianapolis Journal. -Teacher-"Andrew, what

pened about that time to Capt. John Smith?" Andrew (glibly)-"One of his enemies poisoned him, but he swallowed an anecdote and recovered. -"I see they had your picture in the paper." "I don't know," replied the

man who is hard to please, "whether the pleture was mine or the name un der it a misprint."-Washington Star. -Mrs. Spencer-"I do believe Miss Gaybit has really grown younger since her trip abroad." Mr. Tellall-"Yes, be so systemized that attending to all when she went she was three years the little niceties included in the pro- older than I was, and now she is four years younger."-Inter-Ocean.

-Little Lucy had been naughty and mamma had spanked her. Lucy was still unrepentant and mamma tried reason. "Don't you know, dear, it makes mamma feel very sorry to have to whip her little daughter so much?" "Why don't you quit it, then?" was the unexpected reply.

-Tradesman (gently)-"I see you have transferred your enstom to my rival across the street, sir." Mr Highhead (with dignity)-"Yes, sir, I have." Tradesman (more gently)-"May I ask, sir, what I have done to deserve this?" Mr. Highhead (with added dignity)-"You sent in your bill,"-Tid-Bits.

--An Irishman once worked all day on the promise of getting a glass of grog. At night the employer brought "Um-hum." mused the Irishman. "well, maybe I'll come to it by and

> A STRANGE SIGHT. Shed His Horns.

We sat in the dingy, but coy little camp sitting-room, which was lit by a single oil lamp, whose efforts to dispel the darkness were almost totally defeated by the clouds of smoke that arose from half a dozen pipes. But there was a rattling thunder-storm going on outside, late as it is in the year, and old Bald mountain was hurling back terrific reverberations of the mighty peals that accompanied the blinding flashes of lightning. Uncle John sat and watched the storm in silence a long time, puffing asthmatically away at his pipe, John is one of the oldest guides in this part of the Adirondacks-or, "in the woods," as everyone says here. He came in as a boy away back in the early

recollections of those days that would come no more. "I suppose," he continued, "I can say what no other man in those woods can say, and that is that I've seen a buck shed his horns. Oh, it must ha' been nigh twenty years ago, and I was working out at White Lake Corners. Wall, it was Christmas day, and there was four foot of snow on the ground, I cal'late. It was blisterin' cold, but I made up my mind I'd take my gun and go out and see if I couldn't kill a deer. Wall, I bundled up and off I went. I when he caught sight from his ele- didn't have to tramp very fur before I vated perch of several Apache Indians came on a deer's trail, and it was a big erouched down in a little canyon about one, too. I struck the signs in the little valley and they led up to the side of a hill where there was purty steep climbin'. I went along easy like almost of safety lay in presence of mind. up to the top of the ridge, lookin' out all Without exhibiting any signs of having the time mighty sharp. I come to a made the alarming discovery, the cap- place where there was a lot of big rocks, tain proceeded to descend in as leisure- and I slid down on my knees in tryin' ly a manner as possible, still retaining to get up over them. I was movin mighty cautious, ye know, but as I slid fested any symptoms of being in a down on my knees I grabbed holt of a little sapling, and just then, right beyond the rocks, I see the buck. He had been lyin' there in a little sort of hollow, and when I shook the snow off the sapling he saw the motion. Quick as a flash he threw his head back to get a

> up and blazed away. But the buck was out of sight over the ridge, and there was only a tuft of hair near the antlers to show that I had grazed his

> you can cal'late I knowed I didn't have

no time to lose. I had to let go that

the buck as if he was on springs and

off went the other horn. And just

about that identical instant, although

"John," said Mrs. Norton, as she sented herself at the hotel breakfast table, "did you call a waiter?" "Yes," said Norton, looking up from his paper, "I called him and he had a tray full."-Life.

back."-Washington Star.

Why He Did It.

Cusmo-Johnny, why did you jab your sister with your fork? Johnny Cumso-She was putting her fingers into the sugar-bowl and I wished to give her a pointed rebuke .-Truth

FOR HIGHER EDUCATION. Women Are Forci g Their Way Through

Since the proposition made by President Eliot to include the Harvard annex as a part of the college proper, if sufficient funds could be raised to meet the expense incurred, and to grant the regular degree to its graduates, fresh interest centers about this institution and its peculiar relations to the famous man's university. Harvard is one of the most conservative as well as the oldest of the great educational institutions in this country. As a college founded by men for men, it was strongly opposed to co-education, and, though women were allowed to take the regufaculty, and acquitted themselves creditably, the doors of the university were barred against them, and students and professors alike resisted the innovation of their presence. It is about fourteen years now since the annex was founded by friends of the higher education of women, and a class of scarcely more than a score, under a faculty of forty from the college, set the thin edge of the wedge against the barriers of conservatism.

The courses of study are, as far as possible, identical with those pursued by men in the college. The examinas been appoint in Stockholm. The queen tions are conducted in the same way. of Sweden and Norway has consented But the recognition of scholarship, the coveted degree, is still withheld, and and has expressed great personal interonly a certificate, stating that the gradesest in its success and the wish that the uate has satisfactorily performed the work of Swedish women may be worthwork required by Harvard college for ily represented at the World's fair. its first degree, may be gained. Now The offices of the woman's committee the annex registers two hundred and were opened September 1 in rooms in sixty students and has a faculty of the palace of the crown prince, placed eighty professors and instructora The at their disposal by the crown princess. number of its directors has more than | During the summer agents of the doubled since the seven women who committee had made innumerable jourtwere selected in the first year necepted neys throughout the country in order the responsibilities. For the past two to make suitable collections of women's years the Sargent which is offered for work, and also to advise about the the best metrical version of one of Hor- manufacture of special articles for exace's odes, and which is open for com- hibition. The happy result of these efpetion both to the university and the forts is shown in numerous articles, annex, has been carried off by women. principally in linens woven by peasant It was through the energy and perse- women, laces, etc. Shipments of these verance of a woman that the observa- have already arrived in Stockholm, and tory which at that time did not grant additional ones are coming daily. graduates of this course.

desiring to study Arabic, applied to the have contributed about 1,000 crowns out the grog to him, and the Irishman faculty of the college for permission (\$536.) tasted it and said: "Which did you and received the usual answer that the put in first—the whisky or the water?" doors of the university were closed to "Oh," said the employer, "the whisky." women. With the refusal, however, there came a private note president suggesting that if she wished he and the Arabic professor would be something positively exhilerating to me no tuition fees. What woman has forty years old, and I never before in institution will yet welcome women, not only as guests, but as regular governess was with me, then my maid, students.

> should be subscribed for the purpose. Committees of women took the matter in hand, but failed to raise the required amount until Miss Mary Garrett, of Baltimore, added \$396,977 to the generous fund she had contributed before, leans in women labor. on certain conditions, which must be maintained or the money reverts to of 20, is a mail-carrier in Oregon, and Miss Garrett and her heirs. A commit- traverses a dangerous route four and tee of six women, which committee five times a week. shall fill its own vacancies, is to have A woman in Newburgh owns the vilcharge of questions affecting the lage roller and sprinkling business of women medical students. The general the town, and has conducted it with attitude of the faculty and trustees great success and profit for seventeen has been to exclude women from these years. She employs twenty men, sucourses, but within the last years a perintends the work herself, and does number of special exceptions have been her own collecting. made, in which permission was granted MRS. FRAZER, of Banning, Mont. individually, the women thus admitted employs principally Indians to her aid not being enrolled on the register nor in carrying on the ranch left her by her admitted to the examinations. Miss husband. During harvest last year she Christine Ladd, a graduate of Welles- passed eleven days in the saddle, and lev, was the first woman admitted, and at night acted as hostess, entertaining followed courses for three years in guests at the hotel connected with her mathematics. Two other women in estate. mathematics, one in geology, two in "Aunt Annie," the peculiarly clever chemistry, and one in physics have been novel by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, about admitted in the last three years. Miss which all London is talking, is what Bascom, the geological student last may be called emphatically a woman's year, accompanied Prof. Williams in a book. It is the sort of bright realistic part of his survey of the Blue Ridge story which wakes people laugh and mountains, and a district was assigned cry as they read it, and which sets the to her five miles square, which she ex- ball of conversation rolling briskly. amined and reported with the thoroughness required of men who offer themdepartment of geology.-N. Y. Sun. THE WOMAN REPORTER.

Human nature is encounter by the reporter not only in the persons whom he is sent to interview but also in the edi- the Society for Ethical Culture, said retor who sends him, the copy-reader cently that "the richest result of the who handles the copy, the proprietor movements for the education and adwho owns his paper, and even the ele- vancement of women will be in the vator boy who takes him up and down circle of the home. There is no knowlin his frequent journeys to and from edge of history or philosophy, no acthe office.

a hard place to put young girls, both into play in a mother's education of her physically and morally. It is a constant children. We do not always realize strain to keep up the everlasting push | that the advancement of woman means and hurry of newspaper work. To the the advancement of man." young girl this is not only hard, but, To THE business ability of one woman not having resources of thought and the success of the Omaha opera festival experience at hand to draw from, is due, for it was a woman who originshe is in constant danger of overwork- ated the scheme, which was rather a

up this work I would say: Get all the New York; met every bill, and reimtraining you possibly can before you bursed the tolders of unsold subscrip begin-fill yourselves full of literary tion tickets. That no one expected the knowledge and culture before you start reimbursement speaks all the better for in, that you may have a store to draw the woman's determination to conduct from and thus save yourself from sleep: | the whole thing on business principles.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF, less hours of searching reference books or correcting and revising MS, which might have been correct the first time if you had had a little more training.

The moral strain of the reporter's life comes partly from its excessive loneliness. Especially is this true of the reporter on the morning paper. She has no evenings for social intercourse with her friends, she seldom has the opportunity to take the evening meal with her family, and to spend her entire time running about the city calling upon strangers and then to return to a solitary room toward midnight to write up her stories is about the most awful-

ly lonesome life one can live. Why the life of a reporter should be gilded with romance to the outside world is a mystery unfathomable. It is a hard, lonesome life at best, enduralar examinations from members of the ble only for the hope there is in it for something better.

Finally, let me say, I believe in women reports, but I believe they should be well trained and thoroughly developed, physically, mentally and morally before they undertake a work so arduous and so fraught with moral danger. -Mrs. Eva K. Griffith, in Chicago Woman's News.

SWEDISH WOMEN.

Their Work Will Be Fully Represented at

A Swedish woman's committee has

its privileges to the men, was opened to To classify these productions of womthe annex students. So satisfactory en a special committee has been apwas the work of this first woman pupil | pointed and has already entered upon that the professor in charge decided to its duties. In order to meet expenses offer two courses each year to women. the women's committee is making ar-At Vassar, at Smith, and at Michigan rangements to give an exhibition in university are instructors who were the nature of a bazar, showing the articles collected for the Chicago exposi-Somewhat recently a young woman, tion. The king and the royal family

Personal Freedom.

An English woman recently visiting in New York said to one of her American acquaintances as she appeared at to listen to the lectures as a guest both her home one morning alone: "There is happy to have her. She is now a constant guest at two lectures, with I feel here in New York. I am over done woman will do, and the venerable my life walked out unattended. As a child and growing girl, my nurse or and afterward my husband. My friends Though the trustees of Johns Hop- at home would raise their eyebrows and kins university have accepted with wonder what had come over me if they graceful courtesy the terms and conditions made by Miss Garrett for the con- here quite by myself. When we see a tinuance of her gift to the institution, strange woman in London doing that the resolutions passed admit women we say, 'O, she's a foreigner,' and think only to the medical department. It is no more of it, but if one of my set about two years now since the trustees should do it. I presume I should think promised to open a post-graduate it very odd. But I enjoy it immensely medical school at the university to over here, though I suppose once I'm which men and women should be ad- in London again I shall drop back into mitted on equal terms whenever \$500,000 my English conventionality. I wish I hadn't to."

WOMAN'S WAYS AND WORKS.

FINLAND has women builders. THERE are 450 industries in New Or-

MISS MINNIE WESTON, a spirited girl

THE woman journalists of London recently gave an afternoon tea, at selves for the degree of Ph. D. in the which men were for the first time admitted to the sacred precincts of their club-room. The special guests are said to have enjoyed the occasion hugely, Her Life a Hard One and Full of Dangers. and why should they not, with such Tact is something that is to be gain bright women for hostesses as Mme. ed by experience with human nature. Adam, Lady Paget, Lady Jeune, Edna Lyall and the Duchess of Southerland?

WM. M. SALTER, in an address before quaintance with public affairs, no range Reporting on a daily paper is at best of scientific study, that may not come

complex one; attended personally to To young girls who persist in taking each of the details, both in Omaha and

know, up to where they were. He pre- Press. tended he was a stranger in the country, and had lost his way and asked them to keep him over night. He's an Irishman with a full stock of native the boarders sat down to dinner, "may blarney, and he talked them into it be- I ask what the turkey is stuffeed fore they knew what to say. He stayed with?" that night, and seven more of them, for he was such a good story-teller Hunker," that he kept them laughing half that night with his yarns, and they asked turning to that young man, "you will him the next morning to stop with see that to tell any of your stories durthem. He took them right in with that ing the meal would be a work of suoily tongue of his, in fact. Of course perogation. I'll take some of the he stayed and fished and hunted with breast, Mrs. Small."-Detroit Free them, but though they hinted at their | Press.